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LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

Oh! Ye'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.

'Twas then that we parted, In yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where, in purple hue, The highland hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
The wee birdies sing, And the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters sleeping.
But the broken heart it kens, Nae second spring again,
Though the waeful may cease frae their greeting.

YANKEE DOODLE

Yankee Doodle went to town, a-riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap and called it macaroni.

Chorus

Yankee Doodle keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step and with the girls be handy.

Father and I went down to camp along with Captain Gooding
And there we saw the men and boys, as thick as hasty pudding.

There was Colonel Washington, upon a strapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men, I guess there was a million.

And there I saw a cannon barrel as big as mother's basin,
And every time they touched it off they scampered like the nation.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;

“As ye deal with My condemners, so with you My grace shall deal”;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free;
[originally ...let us *die* to make men free]

While God is marching on.

AMERICA

7

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

2

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

3

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

8

IF A BODY MEET A BODY,
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE. IF A BODY KISS A
BODY
NEED A BODY CRY?
EV'RY LASSIE HAS HER LADDIE
NANE, THEY SAY, HAE I;
YET A' LADS THEY SMILE ON ME
WHEN COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BYCYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true!
I'm half crazy over the likes of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage;
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet
Upon a seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My Bonnie lies over the ocean
My Bonnie lies over the sea
My Bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me

The winds will blow over the ocean
The winds will blow over the sea
The winds will blow over the ocean
To bring back my Bonnie to me

Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, bring back
Bring back my Bonnie to me

AULD LANG SYNE

10

Should *old* acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind ?

Should *old* acquaintance be forgot,
and *old* lang syne ?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll take a cup of kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

And surely you'll *buy* your pint *cup* !
and surely I'll *buy* mine !

And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We *two have* run about the *slopes*,
and *picked* the *daisies* fine ;
But we've wandered *many a weary foot*,
since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We *two have paddled* in the *stream*,
from morning sun till dine[†] ;
But seas between us *broad have roared*
since auld lang syne.

CHORUS

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

*"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh",
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh".*

She was a fishmonger,
But sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

(chorus)

She died of a fever
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

(chorus)

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
By courting too slow

Now courting's a pleasure
And parting's a grief
A false hearted lover
Is worse than a thief

A thief will but rob you
And take what you've saved
But a false hearted lover
Will send you to the grave

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one girl in a hundred
That a poor girl can trust

Go hitch up your horses
And feed them some hay
Then sit down beside me
As long as you stay

My horses ain't hungry
They won't eat your hay
So fare thee well darling
I'll be on my way

On top of old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
By courting too slow

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and light,
That I would not exchange my home on the range
For all the cities so bright.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand
Flows leisurely down the stream;
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

14

Down in the valley valley so low
Hang your head over hear the wind blow
Hear the wind blow dear hear the wind blow
Hang your head over hear the wind blow.

Roses love sunshine violets love dew
Angels in heaven know I love you
Know I love you dear know I love you
Angels in heaven know I love you.

If you don't love me love whom you please
Throw your arms 'round me give my heart ease
Give my heart ease love give my heart ease
Throw your arms round me give my heart ease.

Build me a castle forty feet high
So I can see him as he rides by
As he rides by love as he rides by
So I can see him as he rides by.

Write me a letter send it by mail
Send it in care of Birmingham jail
Birmingham jail love Birmingham jail
Send it in care of Birmingham jail.

East Side, West Side, all around the town
The tots sang "ring-around-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down"
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie O'Rourke
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of New York

That's where Johnny Casey, little Jimmy Crowe
Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough
Pretty Nellie Shannon with a dude as light as cork
She first picked up the waltz step on the sidewalks of New York

Things have changed since those times, some are up in "G"
Others they are wand'rers but they all feel just like me
They'd part with all they've got, could they once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl on the sidewalks of New York

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

16

Way down upon de Swanee river
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ever,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam,
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

2nd verse

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

Chorus

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By 'n' by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Chorus

Weep no more my lady
Oh! weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the Old Kentucky Home far away.

Verse 2

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight,
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

Chorus

WIDE MISSOURI

Oh Shenandoah,
I long to hear you,
Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah,
I long to hear you,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,
I love your daughter,
Away you rolling river,
I'll take her 'cross
Your rollin' water,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

'Tis seven years,
I've been a rover,
Away you rolling river,
When I return,
I'll be your lover,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh Shenandoah,
I'm bound to leave you.
Away you rolling river,
Oh Shenandoah,
I'll not deceive you.
Away, I'm bound away
' Cross the wide Missouri.

OLD GREY MARE

Oh, the old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be.

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago.

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Many long years ago.

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree,
Kicked on the whiffletree, kicked on the whiffletree

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree
Many long years ago.

Many long years ago, many long years ago,

The old gray mare, she kicked on the whiffletree
Many long years ago.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Chorus:

Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Chorus

Sometimes I'm up, and sometimes I'm down,
(Coming for to carry me home)
But still my soul feels heavenly bound.
(Coming for to carry me home)

Chorus

The brightest day that I can say,
(Coming for to carry me home)
When Jesus washed my sins away.
(Coming for to carry me home)

Chorus

If I get there before you do,
(Coming for to carry me home)
I'll cut a hole and pull you through.
(Coming for to carry me home)

Chorus

If you get there before I do,
(Coming for to carry me home)
Tell all my friends I'm coming too.
(Coming for to carry me home)

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine
Dwelt a miner forty niner,
And his daughter Clementine

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling, Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Wearing boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling, Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone forever
Dreadful sorry, Clementine

Then a miner, forty-niner
Soon began to fret and pine,
Thought he aughter join his daughter,
So he's now with Clementine

LONG, LONG AGO

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago,
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved.
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Do you remember the paths where we met?
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
Ah, yes, you told me you'd never forget,
Long, long ago, long ago.
Then to all others, my smile you preferred,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word.
Still my heart treasures the phrases I heard,
Long, long ago, long ago.

Tho' by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago.
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
Long, long ago, long, long ago,
But, by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blessed as I was when I sat by your side.
Long, long ago, long ago.

OLD MACDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

And on that farm he had a cow, ee-i-ee-i-o.

With a moo moo here and a moo moo there

Here a moo, there a moo, everywhere a moo moo

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

And on that farm he had a pig, ee-i-ee-i-o.

With an oink oink here and an oink oink there

Here an oink, there an oink, everywhere an oink oink

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

And on that farm he had a cow, ee-i-ee-i-o.

With an caw caw here and a caw caw there

Here a caw, there a caw, everywhere a caw caw

Old MacDonald had a farm, ee-i-ee-i-o.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

Down in front of Casey's
Old brown wooden stoop,
On a summer's evening,
We formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together,
We would sing and waltz,
While the "ginnie" played the organ
On the Sidewalks of New York.

East side, west side,
All around the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie,"
"London Bridge is Falling Down."
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey
And little Jimmy Crowe,
With Jakey Krause the baker,
Who always had the dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon,
With a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltzstep
On the Sidewalks of New York.

East side, west side,
All around the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-Rosie,"
"London Bridge is Falling Down."
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

In the good old summer time,

In the good old summer time,

Strolling thru' a shady lane

With your baby mine.

You hold her hand and she holds yours,

And that's a very good sign

That she's your tootsie wootsie

In the good, old summer time.

OH SUSANNA

I come from Alabama with a banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana, my true love for to see
It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry
The sun so hot I froze to death; Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me
I come from Alabama,
With my banjo on my knee.
I had a dream the other night when everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna coming up the hill,
The red, red rose was in her hand, the tear was in her eye,
I said I'm coming from Dixieland, Susanna don't you cry.
I soon will be in New Orleans and then I'll look around
And when I find my gal Susanne, I'll fall upon the ground
But if I do not find you there, then I will surely die
And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't you cry.

CAMPTOWN RACES

The

Camptown ladies sing this song,
Doo-da, Doo-da
The Camptown racetrack's five miles long
Oh, de doo-da day
Goin' to run all night
Goin' to run all day
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag
Somebody bet on the gray

Oh, the long tailed filly and the big black horse,
Doo-da, doo-da
Come to a mud hole and they all cut across,
Oh, de doo-da day
Goin' to run all night
Goin' to run all day
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag
Somebody bet on the gray

I went down there with my hat caved in,
Doo-da, doo-da
I came back home with a pocket full of tin
Oh, de doo-da day
Goin' to run all night
Goin' to run all day
I bet my money on a bob-tailed nag
Somebody bet on the gray

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN

I'll take you home again, Kathleen
 Across the ocean wild and wide
 To where your heart has ever been
 Since you were first my bonnie bride.
 The roses all have left your cheek.
 I've watched them fade away and die
 Your voice is sad when e'er you speak
 And tears bedim your loving eyes.

Chorus:

*Oh! I will take you back, Kathleen
 To where your heart will feel no pain
 And when the fields are fresh and green
 I'll take you to your home again!*

I know you love me, Kathleen, dear
 Your heart was ever fond and true.
 I always feel when you are near
 That life holds nothing, dear, but you.
 The smiles that once you gave to me
 I scarcely ever see them now
 Though many, many times I see
 A dark'ning shadow on your brow.

Chorus

To that dear home beyond the sea
 My Kathleen shall again return.
 And when thy old friends welcome thee
 Thy loving heart will cease to yearn.
 Where laughs the little silver stream
 Beside your mother's humble cot
 And brightest rays of sunshine gleam
 There all your grief will be forgot.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

*She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,
(when she comes).*

*She'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be coming
'round the mountain , She'll be coming 'round the mountain
when she comes. (when she comes).*

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes, etc.

Oh we'll all come out to meet her when she comes, etc.

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes, etc.

*We'll be havin' chicken and dumplings when she comes,
etc.*

We'll all be shoutin' "Halleluja" when she comes, etc.

WON'T YOU COME HOME, BILL BAILEY

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come home
I've moaned the whole night long
I'll do the cookin', honey, I'll pay the rent
I know I done you wrong

You remember that rainy evenin'
I threw you out....with nothin' but a fine tooth comb
Ya, I know I'm to blame, now... ain't it a shame
Bill Bailey, won't you please come home

Won't you come home, Bill Bailey, won't you come on
home
I've moaned that whole day long
I'll do all the cookin' honey, I'll even pay the rent
I know, that I have done you, oh so, wrong

You remember that rainy evenin'
I throwed you out, with nothin but a fine tooth comb
I know I'm to blame, now... ain't it a shame
So baby, won't you please come

I said now, won't you please come

Bill Bailey, won't you please.... come on home

RED RIVER VALLEY

*From this valley they say you are going.
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathway a while.*

*So come sit by my side if you love me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu.
Just remember the Red River Valley,
And the one that has loved you so true.*

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving
O how lonely, how sad it will be?
O think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing me.

As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers

MICHAEL ROWED THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya
Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya

Sister helped to trim the sails, alleluya
Sister helped to trim the sails, alleluya

Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya
Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya

The river Jordan is chilly and cold, alleluya
Chills the body but not the soul, alleluya

Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya
Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya

The river is deep and the river is wide, alleluya
Milk and honey on the other side, alleluya

Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya
Michael rowed the boat ashore, alleluya

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile,
smile.

Don't let your joy and laughter hear the snag Smile boys, that's
the style

What's the use of worrying It never was worth while.

So, pack up your troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile,
smile.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile,
smile.

What's the use of worrying It never was worth while So, pack
up your troubles in your old kit bag And smile, smile, smile.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

Me and my wife live all alone
 In a little log hut we call our own;
 She loves gin and I love rum,
 And don't we have a lot of fun!

(CHORUS)

Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
 Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
 Ha, ha, ha, you and me,
 Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

When I go toiling on the farm
 I take the little jug under my arm;
 Place it under a shady tree,
 Little brown jug, 'tis you and me.

(Chorus)

'Tis you that makes me friends and foes,
 'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes;
 But, seeing you're so near my nose,
 Tip her up and down she goes.

(Chorus)

If all the folks in Adam's race
 Were gathered together in one place,
 I'd let them go without a tear
 Before I'd part from you, my dear.

(Chorus)

If I'd had a cow that gave such milk,
 I'd dress her in the finest silk;
 Feed her up on oats and hay,
 And milk her twenty times a day.

(Chorus)

I bought a cow from Farmer Jones,
 And she was nothing but skin and
 bones;
 I fed her up as fine as silk,
 She jumped the fence and strained her
 milk.

(Chorus)

And when I die don't bury me at all,
 Just pickle my bones in alcohol;
 Put a bottle o' booze at my head and
 feet

And then I know that I will keep.

(Chorus)

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home
Where the buffalos roam
And the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word
And skies are not cloudy all day.

CHORUS

**Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard
A discouraging word
And skies are not cloudy all day.**

How often at night
When the heavens are bright
With the lights from the glittering stars
Have I stood there amazed
And asked as I gazed
If their glory exceeds that of ours

CHORUS

THE GREEN, GREEN GRASS OF HOME

The old home town looks the same
as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look and there runs Mary
hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch t
he green, green grass of home.

**Yes, they'll all come to meet me,
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch
The green, green grass of home.**

The old house is still standing
tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
and there's that old oak tree I used to play on.
Down the lane I walk with my sweet Mary,
hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.

**Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch
The green, green grass of home.**

FIVE FOOT TWO (EYES OF BLUE)

Five foot two, eyes of blue
But oh what those five foot could do
Has anyone seen my gal

Turned up nose and turned down hose
Never had another beau
Has anyone seen my gal

Now if you run into five foot two covered with fur
Diamond ring and all those things
Bet your life it isn't hers
Could she love could she woo
Could she love could she coo
Has anyone seen my gal

Five foot two, eyes of blue but oh what those five foot
could do
Has anyone seen my gal
Now if you run into five foot two covered with fur
Diamond ring and all those things
Bet your life that it wasn't her

Could she loving could she coo
Could she could she woo
Has anyone seen my gal

BABY FACE

Baby Face,
You've got the cutest little baby face
There's not another who can take your place,
Baby Face,
My heart, poor heart is thumpin'
You sure have started somethin',

Baby Face,
I'm up in heaven
When I'm in your fond embrace
Well I need a shove
Because I'm in love
With my pretty Baby face,

Yeah now, Baby Face
You got the cutest little baby face
There's not another who can take your place,
Baby Face,
My heart, poor heart is thumpin'
You sure have started somethin',

Baby Face,
I'm up in heaven
When I'm in your fond embrace
Well I need a shove
Because I'm in love
With my pretty Baby face

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows.
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that grows,
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS

There's a yellow rose of Texas
That I am going to see
No other soldier knows her
No soldier, only me.
She cried so when I left her
It like to broke my heart
And if I ever find her
We never more will part.
She's the sweetest rose of color
This soldier ever knew
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
They sparkle like the dew.
You may talk about your dearest May
And sing of Rosa Lee
But the Yellow Rose of Texas
Beats the belles of Tennessee.
Oh, my heart is feeling weary
And my head is hanging low
I'm goin' back to Georgy
To find my Uncle Joe.
You may talk about your Beauregard
And sing of Bobby Lee
But the Gallant Hood of Texas
He raised Hell in Tennessee

OH, DANNY BOY

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come you back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'tis I'll be there in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.
And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer and the boys will shout
The ladies they will all turn out
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.
The old church bell will peal with joy
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.
Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest pleasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home

